Speaking of titles.....
Ever since Tobe Hooper hit it big with the sensationally titled TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, hordes of low-budget movie producers have tacked the audience drawing word, MASSACRE, to their usually inferior product.

In the past 7 years or so, this videomaniac has been lured to the screen (and parted wih his $$$) in the anticipation of seeing another savage classic. Let's see; way back there was the HOLLYWOOD MEATCLEAVER MASSACRE (I saw it as only the MEATCLEAVER MASSACRE, and sans the introduction with Christopher Lee I always read about) where a van of brutal ruffians attack and murder an upper class family. The catch ie, the dad doesn't die and he summons revenge seeking demons from his comatose body to exact (what else?) his revenge!

Two lessons were learned from the release of the critically acclaimed, but box office dud, MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH: a) to be effective, the word MASSACRE must be used at the end of the title, and b) never title an ANIMAL FARM like parable about meek, pushed around highschoolers who rally behind David, murderer of the local highschool bullies, then become dictatorial nerds with MASSACRE.

Barbi Benton played the stalkee in the HOSPITAL MASSACRE. Watch in awe as she hides behind a room dividar, leaving her shapely legs exposed, and the stalker not noticing. Watch in awe as she exposes her breasts.

Jackie Varnon plays a droll cannibal-construction worker in the MICROWAVE MASSACRE. Being a burger 'n' fries hardhat married to a flighty old batt who serves nothing but gourcet cuisine for dinner is what drives Jackie insane. He chops up his spouse, freezes her remains, and makes white bread sandwiches out of her parts. It's actually a semi-gory unfunny spoof.

Blood soaked T and A best describes 1982's SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE. Hard core feminist - man hating lesbian - best selling author, Rita Mae Brown even outraged her sisters in Women Against Pornography with her gore filled, sexist script. Its supposed to be a satire; (it's not, maybe a female slasher cutting only men would be, but then Rita wouldn't have been able to see all that jiggle on the set) tits and ass being attacked by a maniacal phallic symbol, but I think the phallic driller-killer theme is more a manifestation of her fears of heterosexual intercourse.

Actually, Canada's
BORN FOR HELL (1976)

All things considered, its one of the better slasher flicks made.

The list goes on. For drive-in buffs, theree the DRIVE-IN MASSACRE. Brutal slaying both on and off the screen. Think of it as doubling your money. John Russo's fairly depraved MIDNIGHT is currently making the rounds across the nation's grind screens as THE BACKWOODS MASSACRE. Ex congressional wife, Rita Jenrette stars in the yet to reach Columbus, ZOMBIE ISLAND MASSACRE. Word has it that THE LONG ISLAND CANNIBAL MASSACRE lives up to its title.

The following reviews resulted from a MASSACRE raid on my local video store.

THE MOST SAVAGE

THE NAKED MASSACRE
Directed by: Denis Beroux
Starring: Matthew Carriere
Carol Laurie

Belfast Northern Ireland. A bomb explodes during mass. A dead teen's eyes blink a last blink. "Violence isn't God's way," claims a drunk.

Enter nomad, Cain Adamson. A man in search of an answer. He pulls a knife on an inn keeper for a cigarette light. He speaks of his dead sister, "I only knew one hooker who was a human being," as trash. The ex-vietman frontliner shares a common room with a Viet.

"What did I rent, a slow moving anti-violence, propaganda, pseudo-documentary?" I ask myself, rubbing my eyes. Far from it. In fact a better title for this unsettling real-life ripoff could be RICHARD SPECK IN BELFAST.

Matthew Carriere plays Cain/Richard as an off-balanced but likable kind of guy. He busts into a nurse's home during a party, but only elicits sympathy as he asks for food, then reminisces about his unhappy family life. He needs money to go home.

Its weird then when Cain's mind snaps and he traps the 7 nurses in the house. His demented Hyde personality exposes itself as he exposes his Born for Hell tattoo. His deep rooted problem turns out to be that his wife got pregnant by Jimmy-Boy while he was in the jungle, protecting his country.

At this point, NAKED MASSACRE changes its tone from a passive anti-war narrative to an utterly depraved, violent gore flick. Within the parameters set by Richard Speck: eight nurses being trapped; seven nurses being diced and one surviving under the bed to tell the tale, the following happens.

Pretty Amy is strangled after biting Cain's lip while cruelly being raped.

Cain makes the busty Jenny and Christine perform lez acts while whipping them. Hard to watch; grim indeed.

In a cinematic sense the remaining gals deserve to die because of how they just lay submissively on the livingroom floor while their friends scream bloody murder in the other room. I'm screaming in my head, "Get out you idiots!"

One by one the nurses are dragged into the next room and are tortured until dead.
The slaughter nears its end when, unexpectedly, two more nurses come home (a dormitory for nurses?) and.....

One nurse, wacked out of her head, strikes up a demented relationship with the equally wacked out Cain. She even claims these murders to be "worse than" the similar Speck slayings. Pressure builds until the couple decide to commit suicide. Cain's tattoo, it turns out, predicts his future. Fortunately, one nurse survives under the bed.

THE RIPOFF

CLASS REUNION MASSACRE (1977)
Directed by: Constantine S. Gochis
Produced by: Tromberg Sheldon
Written by: William Varnick

"From out of the darkness, the hand of the redeemer" appears to punish those who have sinned. Sound familiar, SEX = DEATH? Very. Heavy with religious overtones, a kid comes out of a lake to make a dreamer grow two thumbs and to supposedly guide this film's stalker into committing a series of passe gore murders. Pure nonsense throughout.

Complete with Halloween style music, a sinister wave about immoral alumni, "fat in their excesses," who will soon return for a mysterious class reunion.

Cut to a stalker's hand cutting out (and thus introducing tonight's murder menu) pictures of highschool seniors from a yearbook.

The menu: Roger, an actor
Odd Jane
Lawyer John
Kristen the lesbian
Pat Terry, and
The Sexual Cindy

Now I gotta admit, I disrespect lawyers as the money-grubbers that they are. Not only do they give horror movies a bad name with their

incessant FRIDAY THE 13th ripoffs, (the worst ever, GIRLS NITE OUT, was shot near Columbus by a couple of scheming legals) they are without a doubt the most unimaginative "moviemakers" around. I had to laugh when I read in FANGORIIA that Lawyer Buddy Cooper took two weeks of film courses, than declared that his inept, unoriginal THE MUTILATOR (a showcase of badly photographed, nautical disfigurements, just recently released on video in its unrated form) had a real "film noir" look. Lawyer figure that if they have:

a) A REMOTE SETTING
b) A PROMISCUOUS MENU
c) A MAN YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW (always the old guy who warns the group of impending doom)
d) A LATENT PSYCHO (ready to bloom)
e) A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF TOOLS

they can make a movie. They can and they do, much to the chagrin of me and my wallet.

Anyway, these ex-classmates get together for a very suspicious reunion (they're the only ones), get stalked by a human possessed and die. The kid (the demon) walks back into the lake to lie in wait until another reunion is assembled. You won't be sorry if you miss it, in fact, you may be glad!

THE WEIRD ONE

THE MARDI-GRAS MASSACRE
Written, Directed and Produced By: Jack Weis
Starring: Curt Dawson
Gwen Arment

New Orleans. A bunch of Johns gab in a seedy bar. Two proetitutes enter followed by a newcomer who walks in and catches the attention of the patrons because of his bizarre attitude. Nearing some hookers, he asks, "Who is most evil?" They instantly reply, "Shirley!" Hastily, he approaches Shirley to confirm if she is indeed the most evil. For "$200," she gushes, she will be. Plans are made for the night.

"Four is my lucky number," ironically says the near rich whore, in refsrence of the hotel room number she and Mr. Bizarro have just rented for the night. "You must have noticed by now I'm very different," MB intones as be implores Shirley to lay down on "this bed." She does and he ties her up. "Maybe," she purrs, "I should pay YOU for this."

But enough is enough! Because she is "One of THEIR kind," he sacrifices her for the sake of QUETZAICOATL, that Aztec God last chronicled for us by Larry Cohen in Q. In a feminist nightmare he rips out her heart. The cops investigate. It must ritualistic, they figure because, "It's sacrificial." They question Sam about Shirley's murder. But Sam can only woe, "[this questioning is] bad for business." The only clue: A huge eignet ring on the weird guy.

Back to a nightclub. Nude dancing. The Aztec Priest is stalking another dancer. He's looking for another girl who is "very evil!" "Honey, I'm as evil as you can get," is the last boast from a soon to be sacrificed hooker.

Like NAKED MASSACRE, there is no sympathy for the death-bound whores because they are so stupid. They walk right into (even willingly) the madman's trap. Mutilation continues as he cuts her hand (the one with which she accepts her comfort fee) her foot and plucks her heart out.

In the meantime, Sarge (of New Orleans Vice) falls in love with a hooker and Dr. Lewis (Herschell?) is called upon to express his opinion, "They must be stopped immediately," of the human sacrifices. Siesy is victim #3 after a chinese meal. This movie has a very odd feel to it.

Anyway, the mardi-gras is a few days away and the heat is on the police. With no leads and someone making "meatballs out of hookers," a cop, hopful for a break and feeling confident, states, "3 [murders]

seems to be the magic number." It is! Surprisingly, the catfish killer stalks the next victim during daylight hours, wearing a gaudy Egyptian mask and brandishing a huge knife! The even more catfish cops can't find him!

He enters a prostitute's den in search of a new body and finds Sarge's girlfriend on sale. Later, after watching him enter and kill her girlfriend, Sarge's niece is unable to describe his for N.O.'s finest. Later, on Sar's advice, the cops find the Aztec's hangout. A pursuit ensues. The cops near in: "Now he's like a fish in a barrel and I've got him." But the cop car inexplicably crashes into the harbor. Only the golden mask can be found.

Given the gore murders set against an Aztec sacrificial rite, this movie appears to be a cheap homage to BLOOD FEAST. I've seen worse.

THE OBSCURE ONE

HORNVILLE CEMETARY MASSACRE
looks like (1968)
Starring: William Dear
Thomas Dyke

The only surprise of this rural biker flick is the Michael Nesmith theme song, "Friend in Need." Besides that, there's not much to recommend.

A Detroit motorcycle gang haunts the streets. Greasy, they describe kissing as "swapping spit." Made back when a steak and 2 egg breakfast only cost $1.79, this amatuer production features especially bad photography and plotting. A jar of Plochman's mustard makes its acting debut in an early sign of cinematic consumerism. Anyway, a blockheaded, prejudiced cop blames the rape of his daugther on the slimy street urchins, not knowing that in reality Putman, a fellow cop was the violator. Who wouldn't blame these guys? They wear swastikas, throw darts, and even drink Black Label brew!

Add in some minor gore, an occasional good line, "Humanity has its wild boars," a well placed statue, a Patton parody, and a twist; the basically good bikers turning bad, and you have much ado about nothing. If there's an ending to this, I missed it.

END

Response to the free offer of VM was very good, if you cars to know. Thanks to all who responded to the offer. Double thanks to all the new subscribers.

Craig Ledbetter's Hi-Tech Terror #6 is out and is quite informative. Dealing with horror and science fiction, the 'zins features a steady diet of mini-reviews and news of future cassette releases. Write him at 1 Yorkshire Court, Richardson, Tx. 75081.

Cecil Doyle of 108 Lana Dr., Lafayette, Louisiana 70503, writes and edits the very impressive, BOOM. With only ons issue out and indefinate plans for more, its eclectic nature caters to "Lowbrow entertainment." Until then, hopefully we can rsad Cecil's opinions in future issues of VM.

Next issue: Christmas Slashing!

THE BIG NEWS: In February, Trans World is releasing 3 obscure Herschell Gordon Lewis films. Look for SOMETHING WEIRD, THE PSYCHIC, and THIS STUFF WILL KILL YOU, starring the great character actor, Jeffery (Mayor Buckman) Allen.

Those pious Catholics just deemed A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 morally offensive, so they've rated it "O".

Hollywood movies, to me are basically useless, but I found it quite intresting to learn, that for political reason's, bootleg copies (in the Mid-East) of RAMBO have a changed storyline. It seems that Vietnam is replaced by World War II.

Finally: London, England is bucking a trend, and is opening its first ever drive-in. Unfortunately, they plan on playing Hollywood fare.

New title: HOWLING II...YOUR SISTER IS A WEREWOLF.

Ascot Entertainment Group has just formed for the purpose of making horror/exploitation flicks. Future projects by Ascot leader, Joe Wolf (credits include work on: HELL NIGHT, FADE TO BLACK, A NIGRTMARE ON ELM STREET) are PICTURE ME DEADLY, GIRL'S NIGHT OUT (another one?) ZOMBIES IN THE ATTIC, and TRE LAST CRUCKER."

Predictions abound concerning the deaths of video companies who handle nothing but horror/gore/teenage exploitation films. But with the glut already on the market and companies like Ascot just now forming, I wouldn't worry. Finally, look for a quick video release of the RE-ANIMATOR. Even though critically accepted, newspapers like the LA TIMES are refusing to run ads because its unrated status.

DR. MINX (1975)

review by: REESE and SCHRADER

Produced, written and directed by: HIKMET AVEDIS

Dr. Carol Evans:	Edy Williams
Gus Dolan:	William Smith
Brian Thomas:	Randy Boone
Sheriff Frank:	Alvy Moore

This terribly, yet unintentionally funny atory in the life of Dr. Carol Evans, played by once soft core, now hard core aexploitation star Edy Williams is a muat see for thoae who appreciate inept drama as well aa Edy's bosom. Nearly every scene is flawed in one way or another, but because of the cast's seriousness due to non-existant direction, unplanned comic relief ia found throughout the film.

The opening song, THE DARK SIDE OF LOVE, (written by "Academy Award Winnera," Sammy Fain and Paul Francis Webster) sets the pace and tone for the rest of the film. BAD!

Getting to specifics, the film is less than two minutes old before Edy shows off her ample flesh in a bedroom scene with durable exploitation star William Smith. Gus is Edy's lover who wants either Edy's hand in marriage,or half of the insurance money she received when her rich old man kicked the bucket in an induatrial accident.

From this point on, Dr. Minx takes plenty of strange and illogical twists. It never missea an opportunity to show off Russ Meyer's ex-wife, buatily clad in ultra revealing wardrobe supplied by tha Pallidoae of Hollywood.

Actresswise a natural, watch closely and you will see Edy blankly staring off camera, reading her cue cards, then emoting at her fellow actors only after she has

read her lines.

The dialogue is equally insane and is good for plenty of laughs. At one point Dr. Edy invites Boone over for dinner snd an injection. When the young Brian arrives with flowers, Edy remarks, "Its not often that a doctor gets flowers from her patients."

While in the kitchen showing off her cooking skills, Boone drops his drawers for his shot. Twenty CC's later, she smacks him on the cheeks snd offers him a glass of champagne. Later in the evening, Edy asks Boone for a goodnight kiss. Not even aroused by her plunging see-through blouse, the naive Boone hesitently coeplies. Incredulously, Edy confesses, "I didn't expect thst."

To add soap to the opera, Boone's best friend David, played by Hervey Jason, is jealous of Boone's relationship with Edy. He claies that Edy killed her husband, and thet she has sioilar plans for him. Fistouffs ensue and Clint Eastwood style sound effects snap svsn efter the punches connect!

Smith, spurned by Edy, decides to blackmail her for the money that hs needs to start his own construction firm. He admits to the lushious Doo that he killed her husband and made it look like an accident. Gus' confession is overheard by sn esves dropping Brisn, but then, Gus claims to have a tape of Edy, in which she incriminstes herself in the murder. A date is made to prove the tape exists.

Minx and Brien drive to Gus' house. Once inside, she detects sn obviously doctored tape, and refuses to go along with the mad contractor's plan. One thing leads to snother, and Gus ends up gunned down, shot by Boone. Edy finds the master tape that was spliced, but eirhsadedly destroys it in tha fireplace. Realizing that she has destroyed her only proof of innocence, she decides to get rid of Gus' body.

Enter Alvy Moore as sheriff Frank. His suspicion is aroused when he finds Gus' door ajar. In a scene highly reminiscent of GREEN ACRES, Moore, a typecast ector, throws his shoulders back, clicks his heels and in his best Hank Kimble, esks, "Mr. Dolan, Mr. Dolan?"

Frsnk mesnders to Dr. Minx's house for some questions, but is only confused when she inexplicably exposes her mssive cleavage to the unwsry fletfoot. Sure that the sheriff is on their trail, Edy and Brisn decide to dispose of Smith's body.

Whst better place than her backyerd, where a conveniently placed shovel end pick aweit the would be gravediggers. Williams, very amusing while trying to dig in high heels, is unwittingly witnessed by Jason.

Frantic, Edy and Boone must unearth the body snd move it to another locstion. The two day old corpse is still limp as a wet noodle as Minx and Brian find e new location which is less obvious.

With a surprise ending that leaves more loose ends than it attempted to answer, this is one film worth seeing, if only for the pure unadulterated absurdity of the whole thing.

Thanks to Tom Reese, faithful drive-in cohort for the Dr. Minx review.

Subscriptions: $6.00 for 20 issues.